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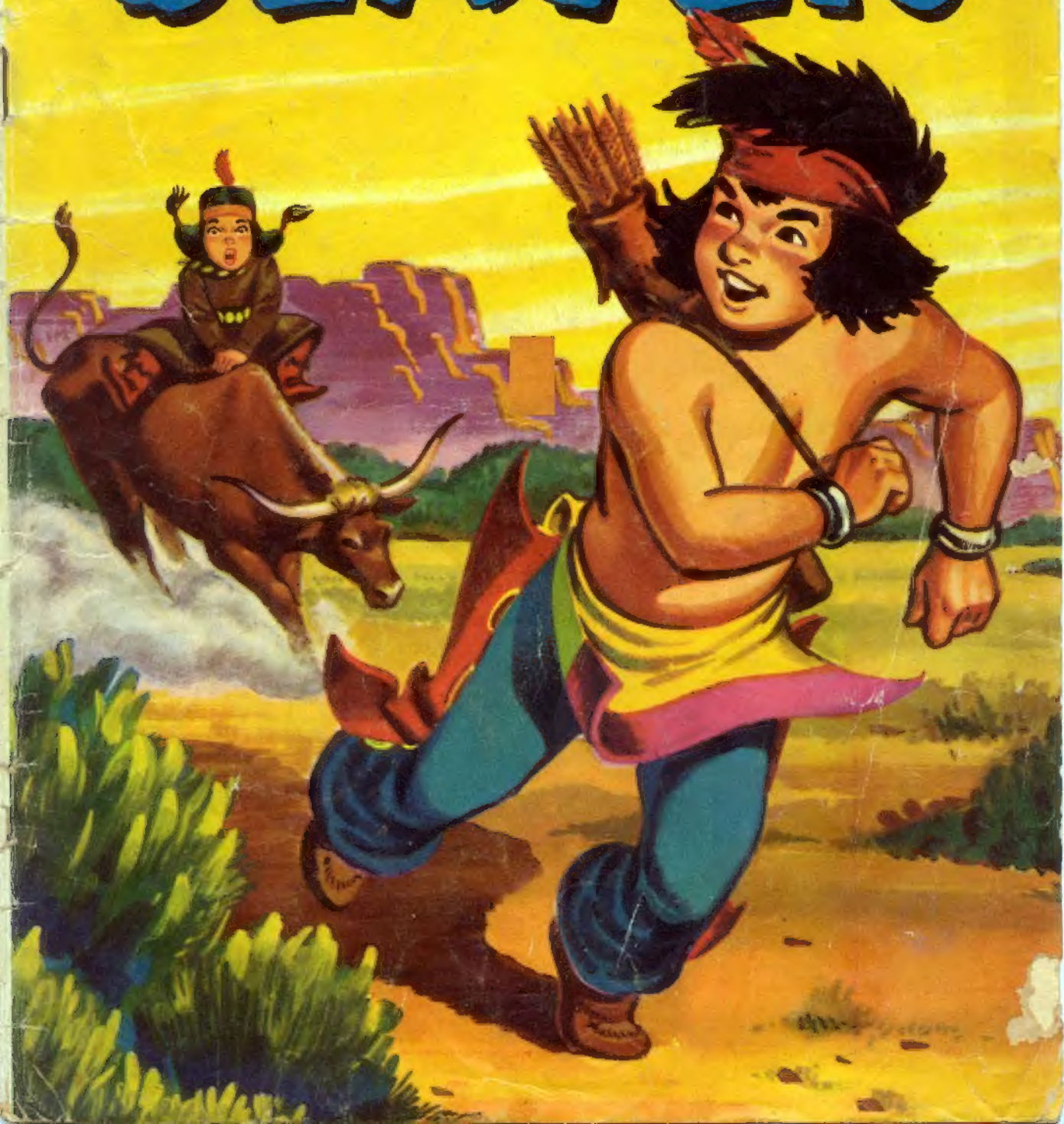
LITTLE BEAVER



Indian Hunting Tricks

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The Indian deer hunter lured his prey within bow and arrow range by merely rattling a pair of old antlers together from time to time. Most deer in the vicinity, thinking this to be the sound of fighting bucks, soon came close enough to be an easy target for the hunter.

Wearing a decoy hat made of duck skin and holding a hollow breathing reed in his mouth, the Indian duck hunter submerged and approached feeding ducks unnoticed. Since their headdresses caused no alarm, the hunters could easily grab the feet of the ducks and snatch them beneath the surface of the water.

A colorful rag, waved on the end of a stick, attracted the curious antelope within range of the Indian's arrows.

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LITTLE BEAVER

SLEEPY'S MERCANTILE CO
U.S. POST OFFICE
WE HEAP RICH TODAY, LITTLE BEAVER! WE EACH GOT-UM WHOLE DOLLAR TO SPEND!
AI! ME FINALLY GONNA BUY-UM SOLID GOLD WATCH!
by FRED HARMAN

POST OFFICE
OUT YOU GO, MISTER PAY-DAY, AN' DON'T BE COMIN' BACK!
IT'S NOT THE LIKES OF YOU I'M WANTIN' TO CARRY THE MAIL!
SEE HERE NOW, MISTER MURPHY...

THE SAINTS FORGIVE ME, BUT I'VE NO LONGER ANY PATIENCE WITH THAT SPALPEEN!
WHAT-UM MATTER, MISTER MURPHY... PAYDAY JACK TRY ROB-UM POST OFFICE?

POOR PAYDAY JACK... HIM BEEN LAZY NO-GOOD FOR SO LONG, NOBODY GIVE-UM JOB ANY MORE!

POST OFFICE

AI! TOO BAD BECAUSE HIM NOT MEAN MAN! JUST NEED-UM TOO MUCH REST!

BUT NO GOOD WORRY-UM! PO-KO, WE GO BUY-UM CALICO AND SOLID GOLD WATCH NOW!

HAI-YA!

SHHH! COME 'ERE!

POST OFFICE

PAYDAY JACK! WHAT YOU HIDE-UM THERE FOR?

SEE 'ERE, NOW, YOU KIDS! AIN'T I ALWAYS BEEN A FRIENDLY, 'ELPFUL SORT O' BLOKE TO BOTH O' YOU? AIN'T I NOW?

SURE, PAYDAY JACK!

WE LIKE-UM YOU!

WELL NOW, OL' PAY-DAY NEEDS 'ELP BAD, HE DOES! YOU KNOW WHY ME NAME IS PAYDAY JACK?

SURE! YOU ONLY WORK-UM ONE DAY ON EACH JOB...

SO EVERY DAY YOU GET-UM PAID OFF!

RIGHT! ME RECORD IS 'ORRIBLE, IT IS! BUT I'VE GOT TO 'AVE THAT MAIL JOB, AND I NEEDS SOME AID TO GET IT!

WE BE GLAD HELP-UM ALL WE CAN!

HOW YOU WANT-UM US TO HELP, PAYDAY JACK?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW! I'M AT ME WITS END, I AM! BUT ME WHOLE FUTURE'S AT STAKE!

THIS IS ELSIE! MET 'ER LAST YEAR IN GOLDFIELD, I DID! SHE'S COMIN' IN ON THE STAGE TODAY TO MARRY UP WITH ME! IF I 'AVE A STEADY, DEPENDABLE JOB, THAT IS!

I SPENT ME LAST SHILLIN' FOR A NEW SET O' DUDS, AND I STILL AIN'T GOT NO JOB!

YOU WAIT-UM HERE, PAY-DAY JACK! PO-KO AND ME GO HAVE-UM COUNCIL!

WE GOT-UM PLAN NOW, LITTLE BEAVER, BUT IT GONNA COST ONE DOLLAR!

ME KNOW... BUT ME STILL CAN GET-UM SOLID SILVER WATCH! COME ON, WE TAKE-UM PAYDAY JACK TO BARBER SHOP!

YOU GET-UM THE WORKS, PAY-DAY JACK!

BLIMEY, IF I SEE WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, BUT I PUT MESELF IN YOUR 'ANDS, I DO!

SEE 'ERE NOW! 'OO IS THIS HAN'SOME GENTLEMAN, ANYWAY?

NOW YOU NO LOOK-UM LIKE HOBO, MAYBE YOU GET-UM JOB!

STOP LOOK-UM AT SELF! WE GO SEE MISTER MURPHY NOW!

DOES HE NOW INDADE? I'LL BE AFTER STEPPING OUT TO MEET HIM/

HI! WE GOT-UM NEW MAN FOR YOU! HE WANT-UM CARRY MAIL!

I'M PLEASED TO MEETCHA, I AM!

'TIS A PLEASURE, INDADE, BUT I'M THINKIN' IT'S ALREADY WE'VE MET SOME PLACE BEFORE!

PAYDAY JACK/ PULLING THE WOOL OVER MY EYES WHILST MY BACK IS TURNED, EH?

NOW, NOW, MISTER MURPHY, NO CALL TO GET EXCITED!

PLEASE GIVE-UM PAYDAY NEW CHANCE, MISTER MURPHY/

DIVIL A CHANCE WILL HE GET FROM ME, THE LAZY, NO-GOOD ROUSTABOUT! I'LL...

JUST TRY-UM FOR ONE WEEK!

WAIT NOW... THE LETTER! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

POP

IDEA

I'VE A LETTER ON ME HANDS, THAT'S DRIVIN' ME FAIR CRAZY! FOR THREE YEARS NOW, I'VE LOOKED FOR JONATHON REED!

DEAD LETTE
U.S. POST

Jonathon Reed
Sleepy Eye,
Colorado, Terr.

FIND THIS JONATHON REED, DELIVER THE LETTER, AN' THE JOB OF MAIL CARRIER IS YOURS!

BLESS YOUR SWEET SOUL, MASTER MURPHY! IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

POST OFFICE

BUT TAKE WARNIN', YOU RASCAL! IF YOU BLUNDER, I'LL HAVE NO MERCY ON YOUR MISERABLE CARCASS!

SEE 'ERE NOW, KIDS! WHERE WOULD YOU LOOK FOR A BLOKE NAMED JONATHAN REED?

NO USE LOOK-UM HERE, WE KNOW EVERYBODY / MAYBE HIM MINER AT GOLDFIELD!

I WAS THINKIN' THAT VERY THING, I WAS! LET'S BE OFF TO GOLDFIELD!

WAIT-UM MINUTE! YOU NO GOT-UM HORSE!

THEN WE'LL 'IRE ONE, EH? OL' PAYDAY JACK WILL SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIVERY STA

OH ME! GOOD-BYE RED CALICO DRESS, IF HE NO GET-UM JOB!

COME ON... WE GET-UM OUR PONIES!

HE AIN'T NO BLINKIN' PEGASUS, EH?

WHAT D'YE EXPECT FER A DOLLAR... AN ARABY HOSS?

WE GONNA PASS STAGECOACH BRING-UM MISS ELSIE FROM GOLDFIELD! HOW YOU GONNA MEET-UM IN SLEEPY BEAR?

FIRST THINGS COME FIRST! THE DEAR GIRL WILL 'AVE TO WAIT, SHE WILL!

STAGECOACH COME-UM NOW! WE CUT BE-HIND HILL, SO MISS ELSIE NOT SEE-UM YOU AN' THINK YOU MAKE RUNAWAY!

LOOK... MAN HIDE-UM BY ROAD!

HAI! SOMEBODY STOP-UM STAGECOACH!

SEE HERE NOW, THAT 'AIN'T RIGHT! MY ELSIE'S ON THAT BLOOMIN' COACH!

I CAN'T SIT 'ERE LIKE A BLINKIN' BIRD DOG WHILE THAT BLOKE ROBS ELSIE!

YOU NO GOT-UM GUN! WE WAIT AND TRAIL-UM AFTER HE LEAVE!

I'M TRYIN' TO 'OLD 'IM BUT 'E AIN'T TO BE 'ELD!

AI! WATCH OUT, FO-KO!

OH, ME! NOW BEANS SPILL-UM IN FIRE!

WHOA, YOU BONY BLIGHTER, WHOA, I SAY!

TOSS DOWN YOUR GUNS FIRST, MEN! THEN HEAVE OUT THE MONEY BOX, AN' NO-BODY'LL GET HURT!

OH, DEAR!

NOW GIT GOIN'... WHAT IN THE..?

'ERE NOW, WHOA, I SAY!

THE BLAME FOOL NEARLY SPILED EVERY-THING! I BETTER MAKE TRACKS FAST!

TIE HIM UP, CHARLEY! THE MONEY'S GONE, BUT WE'VE CAUGHT ONE OF THESE THIEVIN' VARMINTS!

WAIT...

WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OUT O' THIS ONE!

SEE 'ERE NOW, THAT LADY IN THE COACH KNOWS 'OO I AM... OL' PAYDAY JACK!

I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

MISTER PAYDAY HAD LOVELY WHISKERS!

MEANWHILE, LITTLE BEAVER AND PO-KO FOLLOW THE REAL BANDIT...

WE BEST STAY ON TRAIL OF ROBBER, SO WE KNOW WHERE HE GO WHEN PAYDAY JACK COME WITH HELP!

HIM RIDE-UM TOO FAST TO GO VERY FAR WITH HEAVY MONEY BOX! HORSE PLAY OUT SOON!

ME NO SEE-UM PAYDAY JACK AND STAGECOACH MEN!

I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' THAT SOMEONE'S FOLLERIN' ME, AN' I DON'T LIKE IT!

THIS STUFF'LL BE ALL RIGHT HERE FER A SPELL. IF I HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FER IT, I'M TRAVELLIN' LIGHT!

ROBBER HIDE-UM MONEY BOX BY OAK TREE AND RIDE AWAY! COME ON, WE GET-UM!

MAYBE BETTER WE WAIT FOR OTHERS TO COME!

THEY TOO LONG COMING! WE GET-UM MONEY AND GO BACK! ME AFRAID SOMETHING WRONG!

ME THINK-UM SAME THING!

HURRY-UM UP, LITTLE BEAVER!

ME HURRY-UM, FAST AS ME CAN!

I WAS RIGHT ABOUT BEIN' FOLLERED... BUT IT AIN'T NOBODY BUT TWO INJUN KIDS!

HAI-EE! ROBBER COME BACK!

HANG-UM ON TIGHT TO BOX... WE TRY TO OUTRUN-UM!

WHOA! BLAST THEM KIDS... I CAN'T KETCH 'EM, THEY GOT TOO GOOD A START! BUT THERE'S OTHER WAYS TO SKIN A CAT!

HOTEL

MEANWHILE...

SLEEPY BEAR TRAPPERS COMPANY

GIT OUT HERE, BOYS! WE FINALLY CAUGHT ONE OF THEM THIEVES!

WHO IS IT, CHARLEY? ANYBODY WE KNOW?

NEVER SEEN 'IM BEFORE / BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THE BOSS SAID!

SURE DO, AN' I'M ALL FER IT!

LET'S DO IT NOW! SOMEBODY GIT A ROPE!

NOW SEE 'ERE, I AIN'T NO...

SHUT YORE MOUTH OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

TAKE HIM OVER TO THET COTTONWOOD TREE!

YOU DON'T DESERVE NO TRIAL, YOU SNAKE!

STRING HIM UP!

HEY! WHAT GO-UM ON HERE?

IT'S THE MONEY BOX! WHAR DID YOU GET IT?

YOU NO HANG-UM PAYDAY JACK! WE FOLLOW REAL ROBBER AND TAKE-UM BOX WHEN HE HIDE IT!

PAYDAY JACK?

BY GUM! HE DOES LOOK FAMILIAR NOW!

BLIMEY! I BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

SORRY FOR THE MISTAKE, PAYDAY! BUT I'M GLAD WE FOUND OUT IN TIME!

YOU AIN'T NO GLADDER THAN OL' PAYDAY JACK, I CAN TELL YOU!

REAL ROBBER NOT FAR AWAY! MAYBE CAN CATCH-UM WITH POSSE!

THAT AIN'T GONNA BE NECESSARY, FOLKS! I'M RIGHT HERE!

I RECKON I'LL TAKE THIS MONEY BOX AGAIN, BUT BEFORE I DO, I WANT EVERY GUN IN THE CROWD TOSSED INSIDE IT!

BANG

COME ON, MOVE LIVELY!

AND AS FOR YOU, KID, YOU HAULED THIS BOX BACK HERE, YOU CAN COME ALONG AN' CARRY IT FOR ME!

NO FUNNY BUSINESS NOW, OR I'LL DRILL YOU! GRAB A HANDLE!

BOX TOO HEAVY! PONY NO LIKE-UM CARRY SO MUCH!

WHOA, PAPOOSE!

CONSARN YOU! I TOLD YOU I'D SHOOT YOU, AN' I MEAN IT!

BANG

SEE 'ERE NOW, YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO SHOOT A FRIEND OF OL' PAY-DAY'S!

CRUNCH!

YOU'RE A HERO, PAYDAY!

'ERE NOW, STAND BACK! I ONLY DID WHAT WAS RIGHT!

THAT WAS A BRAVE THING TO DO!

FER HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLER!

ELSIE.. MY LITTLE WREN!

PAYDAY! SO IT **WAS** YOU WITH YOUR LOVELY WHISKERS CUT OFF!

MY HERO!

BLIMEY! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE LETTER TO JONATHON REED! WHAT WILL MISTER MURPHY SAY?

THIS IS WHAT I'LL SAY, ME BOY! IT'S A HERO YE ARE TODAY, BUT A BUM WITHOUT A JOB TOMORROW, IF YE'VE NOT FOUND JONATHON REED!

POST OFFICE

PAYDAY JACK FIND-UM JONATHUM REED ALL RIGHT, MISTER MURPHY! YOU STILL WANT-UM LETTER DELIVERED?

1874 JONATHON REED PARTED THIS WORLD AT THE END OF A ROPE FOR HORSE

THE SAINTS PRESARVE US! THREE YEARS I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR A DEAD HORSE THIEF!

FRIENDS, YOU 'AVE MY BLESSINGS! AN' WHEN PAY-DAY COMES AROUND, YOU'LL 'AVE A SOLID GOLD WATCH AN' THE FINEST RED CALICO DRESS AS CAN BE BOUGHT!

POST OFFICE

LITTLE BEAVER

by RED HARMAN

UGH! THIS GAME NO FUN / FIRE ALL TIME GO-UM OUT!

YOU NOT VERY SMART INDIAN, LITTLE BEAVER! CAN'T EVEN MAKE-UM GOOD FIRE!

SAVE-UM WIND, PO-KO, ME GOT IDEA! ME PLENTY SMART INDIAN, YOU BETCH-UM!

YOU BETTER HAVE-UM HEAP GOOD IDEA! FIRE ALL GONE NOW!

DON'T WORRY! ME BRING-UM IDEA FROM KITCHEN!

OH, OH! AUNTIE DUCHESS SKIN-UM YOU FOR PLAYING WITH LAMP WATER!

ME PUT-UM RIGHT BACK SO SHE NOT KNOW!

WHOOSH

AI-EE! STOP-UM! YOU POUR-UM TOO MUCH!

LAMP WATER START-UM FIRE TOO GOOD!

BLANKET BURN, TOO! HELP ME CARRY-UM TO CREEK!

THIS ONE OF AUNTIE DUCHESS'S GOOD BLANKETS / WHAT WE TELL-UM HER?

ME NOT TELL-UM HER! ME MAKE RUN-AWAY, JOIN-UM ARMY!

GONNA JOIN THE ARMY, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU CAN START MARCHIN' RIGHT NOW! STRAIGHT UP HERE!

OH, MY GOODNESS!

ULP!

IF I DID MY DUTY, I'D LARRUP BOTH OF YOU GOOD, BUT THERE AIN'T NO TIME FOR IT NOW! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

MISSUS M.GGS'S BEEN TOOK DOWN BAD WITH THE AGUE! I'VE GOTTA GO HELP HER!

WE MANAGE, AUNTIE DUCHESS!

WE BE GOOD! WE TAKE-UM CARE OF EVERYTHING!

JUST TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES! TH' MOORE'S WILL KEEP AN EYE OVER THIS WAY! DON'T LET ANY STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE, 'CAUSE THE MONEY FROM THE FALL SALE IS HID THERE!

YOU NOT WORRY, WE DO!

ME DO-UM DISHES AND MAKE-UM BUNKS!

GOOD! ME CHOP-UM WOOD AND FILL-UM WOODBOXES! WE GOT-UM REPONS... RESPONS... REBONS...

KEROSENE

YOU MEAN WE GOT-UM RESPONSA-BILLITUM!

UGH! THAT RIGHT! RESPONSABILLITUM!

WE CLEAN HOUSE, DO-UM CHORES, MAKE-UM AUNTIE DUCHESS HEAP PROUD!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

WAAL NOW, HOWDY-DO, YOUNG FRIEND! MITE YE HAVE A BITE O'GRUB FOR A PORE HONGRY SOUL?

AI! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE, ME GO SEE!

NOW, NOW! YE WOULDN'T HAVE ME WAIT OUT IN THE COLD AN' DAMP, WOULD YE? I'LL JUST SLIP IN AN' WARM MESELF BY THE NICE FIRE!

NO! NO! AUNTIE DUCHESS SAY NOT LET-UM STRANGERS IN HOUSE!

BUT I AIN'T NO STRANGER, I'M OL' WHETSTONE IKE! ...SAY, THAT'S A HAN'SOME FIREARM UP THAR!

YOU GET-UM OUTSIDE HOUSE, OR NO GET-UM GRUB!

YES, INDEEDY! A HAN'SOME FIREARM! AN' LOADED, TOO!

PO-KO! RUN TO MISTER MOORE'S HOUSE! TELL-UM TO COME QUICK!

G T AWAY FROM THAT DOOR! AN' START SETTIN' SOME GRUB ON THE TABLE AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

ME NO DO! YOU BAD MAN!

DON'T GIT SASSY, MISS! HOP TO IT NOW, AN' LIVELY!

YOU COWARD, HIT-UM SQUAW!

OW!

ME NOT AFRAID OF YOU, WHETSTONE IKE!

CONSARN YE, INJUN! I'LL F.IX YE, SO'S YOU WON'T BE SO BRASH!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE O' YE, MY LEETLE INJUN FR END!

KEEP FRYING THOSE EGGS, 'CAUSE I AIN'T NOWHERES NEAR FILLED UP YIT!

ME LIKE FEED-UM YOU RAT POISON!

WAAL NOW, I'M READY FOR YE TO SHOW ME WHAR THE MONEY'S HID!

ME NO GOT-UM MONEY!

DON'T LIE TO ME! I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT UP IN THE HAYLOFT! NOW WHERE IS IT?

OW! ME NOT TELL-UM!

THEN IN YE GO! HERE'S SOME COMPANY FOR YE, CHIEF! HAW! HAW!

YOU LAUGH NOW, BUT ME GET-UM LAST LAUGH!

HE LEAN-UM CHAIR AGAINST DOOR! IF WE HAVE-UM LONG STICK, WE PUSH-UM UNDER AND CHAIR FALL!

GOOD! I TAKE-UM BOARD FROM SHELF! WHEN HE GO IN NEXT ROOM, WE TRY-UM!

ME CAN'T SEE VERY GOOD, LITTLE BEAVER, BUT I THINK-UM IT WORK!

WHEN CHAIR FALL, IT MAKE-UM NOISE SO WE HAVE TO RUN FAST OUT BACK DOOR!

COME ON, LITTLE BEAVER!

ME COME!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON OUT THAR?

HIM LOCK-UM DOOR!

ME TRY AN' OPEN WINDOW!

BLARST IT, I'LL FIX YOU KIDS ONCE AN' FOR ALL!

WATCH-UM OUT FOR GLASS!

HURRY UP! BAD MAN COME!

CRASH TINKLE

YE WON'T GIT AWAY! OL' IKE KIN OUTRUN PURTY NIGH ANYBODY!

RUN-UM CLOSE BES DE HOUSE, PO-KO, SO HE NOT GET-UM CHANCE TO SHOOT!

WHAT WE DO NOW, LITTLE BEAVER? NO CAN RUN AROUND HOUSE FOREVER!

KEEP ON RUNNING! ME TRY-UM TRICK!

MAYBE THIS MAKE-UM H.M THINK WE H.DE IN CELLAR! WE GO AROUND NEXT CORNER AND WAIT!

SHHHHH!

OH-HO! SO YE FOUND A HOLE TO HIDE IN, EH?

BANG!

GOT YE ALL SHUT UP TIGHT! AN' YE'LL STAY THAR WHILST I RUMMAGE OUT THE MONEY!

CLICK!

IT WORK-UM! NOW WE GO TELL-UM MISTER MOORE!

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU HEAP SMART INDIAN BOY, LITTLE BEAVER!

HAI-YA!

SHHH! YOU THINK WHETSTONE 'IKE NO GOT-UM EARS?

ME SORRY, BUT FOOT HURT TOO MUCH! I THINK MAYBE BREAK-UM!

ME SORRY, TOO! ME HELP AND YOU TRY-UM WALK!

NO USE, LITTLE BEAVER! FOOT HEAP SORE! YOU LEAVE-UM ME! GO GET MISTER MOORE!

ME NO LEAVE YOU, PO-KO, BUT ME 'FRAID TRAMP HEAR YOU YELL!

THIS BETTER! JUST FEW MORE STEPS AND WE BE OUT OF SIGHT FROM HOUSE!

POOR AUNTIE DUCHESS, SHE COME HOME FIND-UM HOUSE BIG MESS AND MONEY GONE!

AI-EE!

WAAL NOW, HERE WE ALL BE AGAIN! YE DIDN'T FOOL OL' IKE ONE BIT WITH THAT CELLAR-DOOR TRICK!

I CAIN'T HAVE YE RUNNIN' OFF TO THE NEIGHBORS AN' BLABBIN' ON ME!

SO I RECKON I'LL JUST KEEP YE RIGHT WITH ME, WHILST I RANSACK THE PLACE! IF YE TRY AN'GIT AWAY AGAIN, I'LL SHOOT YE!

CAIN'T FIND NOTHIN' IN HERE, SO LET'S MOVE ON TO THE NEXT ROOM!

NO USE WRECK-UM HOUSE... YOU NOT FIND-UM MONEY!

WAAL NOW, IF'N I DON'T FIND IT, MAYBE YE'LL TELL ME WHAR IT IS, ELSE I'LL SET FIRE TO THE WHOLE PLACE!

WE NOT TELL-UM EVEN THEN!

PO-KO, ME GOT-UM NEW IDEA! LISTEN!

ME HOPE-UM THIS IDEA WORK-UM BETTER THAN OTHERS!

ME TELL-UM WHERE MONEY HID, IF YOU TAKE-UM AND GO AWAY!

NO, NO, LITTLE BEAVER!

WAAL, NOW YER GETTIN' SMART, KID! YE'VE MADE YERSELF A DEAL!

SPEAK UP, KID AND I'LL SOON BE ON MY WAY!

MONEY HID IN STONE JAR IN CELLAR! BUT YOU LOCK-UM CELLAR DOOR!

I'LL TAKE KEER O'THAT WITH THE AXE! COME ON, STEP LIVELY!

OW! MY FOOT!

YOU LEAVE-UM PO-KO HERE! SHE NO CAN MAKE RUN-AWAY!

WE'LL LEAVE HER, BUT YE CAN COME ALONG JEST IN CASE YER LYIN' ABOUT THE MONEY!

ME NO TELL-UM LIE!

LITTLE BEAVER SAY SEND-UM SMOKE SIGNAL WITH FIRE IN STOVE ..

BUT EVEN IF M.STER MOORE SEE-UM SIGNAL AND COME QUICK, HE BE TOO LATE TO SAVE MONEY!

THET DOES IT! NOW FER THE STONE JAR! GIT IN THERE, KID!

WAAL NOW, AIN'T THIS A SIGHT THOUGH / NEVER EXPECTED SECH A HAUL...

YOU GOT-UM ALL... ONLY ONE PACKAGE!

OW!TCH!

BUT YOU NOT GONNA KEEP-UM!

I'LL CHEW YE TO RIBBONS, YE LEETLE VARMINT!

YOU GOTTA CATCH-UM FIRST!

PO-KO, POUR-UM LAMP WATER IN GLASS QUICK! ME BE RIGHT BACK!

OH, ME...OH, ME! THIS GONNA BE END OF TWO LITTLE INDIANS, ME THINK!

I GOT YE NOW... THAT FRONT DOOR IS LOCKED!

ME NOT NEED-UM FRONT DOOR, ME GET-UM READY TO GO ON WARPATH!

BLARST ME, IF YE AIN'T THE SLIP'RIEST REDSKIN I EVER DID SEE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE MOORE RANCH NEAR-BY...

LOOK AT ALL THAT OL' SMOKE, MAW!

GOODNESS! THE DUCHESS'S RANCH IS AFIRE! RUN AN' GIT YORE PAW, CHILD!

LOOK, PAW, THE ...

I ALREADY SEEN IT! SEND WILLIE TO TOWN ON HIS PONY TO SPREAD THE ALARM!

NO NEED O' THAT, PAW!

THEY ALREADY KNOW ABOUT IT!

WHY, SHUCKS, LOOKS LIKE A FALSE ALARM! ALL THAT SMOKE'S COMIN' FROM THE STOVEPIPE!

WE BETTER LOOK IN JUST THE SAME! THE TWO KIDS ARE ALONE THERE!

HOWDY, PO-KO! WE THOUGHT THE WHOLE DURN RANCH WAS GOIN' UP IN SMOKE! WHAT YOU KIDS BEEN UP TO?

WE PLENTY GLAD TO SEE-UM 'YOU, SHERIFF! LOOK-UM!

I'LL BE HOG-TIED IF YOU AIN'T CORNERED WHETSTONE IKE!

SURE! ME GO ON WARPATH! TAKE-UM PRISONER!

YOU MEAN YOU CAPTURED ONE OF THE WORST BAD MEN IN THE WHOLE WEST WITH NOTHIN' BUT A BLAZIN' STICK?

SURE! HIM HEAP SCARED OF FIRE AFTER PO-KO THROW-UM GLASS OF LAMP WATER ON WHISKERS!

KEROSENE! WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! I DON'T BLAME HIM FER BEIN' SCARED! HIS WHISKERS'D BURN LIKE PITCH PINE!

WHAT IN TARNATION IS GO'N ON AROUND HERE?

AUNTIE DUCHESS!

SO PO-KO'S GOT A SPRAINED ANKLE, AN' THE FURNITURE'S RUINED AN' THE CELLAR DOOR'S SMASHED IN!

WE TRY-UM TAKE CARE OF THINGS, AUNTIE DUCHESS, BUT WHETSTONE IKE MAKE BIG MESS!

BUT WE SAVE-UM ROUNDUP MONEY!

BLESS YORE HEARTS, KIDS, THE MAIN THING IS FINDIN' YOU BOTH SAFE AND SOUND!

AND IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I GOT SO MANY FRIENDS, TOO! THANKS FOLKS, FOR LENDIN' A HAND!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SPOILT FURNITURE, DUCHESS! THERE'S A REWARD FER CAPTURIN' THIS CRITTER THAT OUGHTA COVER EVERYTHING!

ME FINALLY GET-UM GOOD IDEA THAT WORK-UM OUT ALL RIGHT!

The LEGEND of WHITE HAWK

White Hawk turned his head, listening. Then he squatted down beside his pale, suffering brother stretched out on the pile of buffalo robes.

"The Chief will come soon, High Cloud," he said. "They are rounding up the war horses even now." He smiled reassuringly. "But I will tell them the truth — that you are not strong enough to go!"

His forehead glistening with perspiration, High Cloud grunted weakly and tried to raise himself up on one elbow. The exertion was too much. He fell back. "No," he panted, "I *must* go! Besides, I am dying — so it does not matter!"

The two brothers argued heatedly. Their voices rose, filling the tepee, smothering the sound of the mounted warriors pulling up just outside.

Suddenly, both stopped talking. They looked around. A tall, regal man of many years and many battles, a scar-faced warrior in full war dress and war bonnet, stood just behind them, looking straight ahead in cold silence.

"Chief Black Elk!" White Hawk bowed his head in deference. High Cloud murmured an apology for not hearing the Chief's approach to their tepee.

The old warrior spoke without moving his eyes. "Are you ready, High Cloud?"

White Hawk shoved the younger man back on the robes. "My brother is too weak to ride," he said, rising and facing the Chief. "Fever has turned his muscles to water. He has not the strength of a field mouse. He cannot stand up; he cannot ride! He —"

"Three moons ago it was decided that we would live in peace with our Cheyenne brothers," Chief Black Elk broke in. White Hawk realized immediately that this was a formal speech, a rehearsed speech, to be delivered without interruption.

"And," the Chief continued, though all were familiar with these facts, "it was agreed that any Blackfoot who killed a Cheyenne, or any Cheyenne who killed a Blackfoot, would be surrendered to the offended tribe for execution!"

He paused to clear his throat. "You, High Cloud, killed a Cheyenne — so we have come to take you to that Cheyenne's tribe!" He looked at High Cloud for the first time, his eyes softening. "It is bad that you are sick," he said sympathetically.

Then, drawing himself up to his full height, every inch the Blackfoot Chief, he added coldly, "But Long Lance and Curly Fox will help you on your horse! I have spoken!" A moment later, he was gone.

Ignoring his brother, White Hawk hurried outside.

"High Cloud is too weak to travel," he told the old warrior. "But I will go in his place!"

The Chief gasped, then shook his head.

White Hawk, however, pointed out that his blood was the same as that of High Cloud. Therefore, he argued, according to tribal law he could substitute for his brother at the Cheyenne execution.

Chief Black Elk looked deep into the young brave's face, jaw muscles twitching with suppressed emotion. Veteran of many battles with the Cheyenne, he knew all too well the tortures awaiting this warrior.

His hand rested on the other's shoulder,

the act a sermon in itself. "You are a brave man, White Hawk!" he said softly. "Come!" he yelled to White Hawk and the others. "We must get started!"

...Five suns rose and set before, on the morning of the sixth day, Chief Black Elk held up his hand in warning. As the others rode up beside him, he pointed down into a small valley below. No words were needed — the Cheyenne.

Without as much as a farewell gesture, White Hawk dismounted and walked down the hillside.

The others watched stolidly as he strode past the surprised Cheyenne children at play, into the very heart of the village. There, in front of the biggest lodge, he sat down ceremoniously and began his chilling Song of Death.

Almost at the same moment, a party of Cheyenne appeared out of the forest on the hillside. All were decked out in full war attire, obviously forewarned of the Blackfoot group's approach.

Chief Black Elk greeted the Cheyenne chief and emphasized that the Blackfoot people were keeping their promise. The brave who had killed a Cheyenne, he explained, was on his deathbed. But White Hawk, the guilty man's brother, had come to sacrifice himself in fulfillment of the two tribes' agreement.

The Cheyenne chief nodded wordlessly at the end of Black Elk's terse speech. He stared for a moment at the distant figure of White Hawk in the village below. Then, saluting Black Elk, without a single word of comment, he led his party down into the valley.

Black Elk grunted angrily at the other's near-insulting behavior. Memories of Cheyenne massacres flooded his mind. Warfare between the Blackfoot and the Cheyenne, he realized, had been bitter and bloody and recent — too recent, perhaps, to permit a peace built upon mere words.

Leading his warriors back toward Blackfoot country, Chief Black Elk's thoughts turned to plans of war. White Hawk's noble act, he told himself grimly, was only a foolish sacrifice...

That night, as he and his warriors sat glumly around their campfire on the trail, the sound of horses' hooves brought them to their feet. *Cheyennes!* Cheyennes on the warpath! Two scouts, by the sound of it!

They armed themselves and hid in the dark underbrush, waiting.

But only one horseman rode into the clearing, leading a riderless horse.

And, as he rode boldly up to the campfire, the men recognized their visitor — White Hawk!

"...So," White Hawk concluded later, as they all squatted around the fire, "instead of the torture they gave me a feast!" He turned to the still-astonished Chief. "And their chief sent this extra horse to you, Chief Black Elk!"

The young brave smiled at the older man. "He also sends a message. 'If a Blackfoot Indian is willing to give up his life to save that of his brother, he says, every Blackfoot is a worthy brother to the Cheyenne! He says that he hopes the chief of the Blackfoot and the chief of the Cheyenne can meet soon to smoke the pipe, instead of mouthing little words — and make this a peace for all time!' "

Black Elk fought to swallow his emotion. *Peace!* No wars, no fighting, no raids! No squaws without braves, no children without fathers! No old men without sons!

He turned to the young warrior whose courage had, almost single-handed, effected peace between the warring tribes. "White Hawk," he said, "your father and your mother were killed by Cheyenne. By now, your only brother is dead. You are alone in the world."

Black Elk sighed before continuing. "I am an old man and I, too, am alone." He looked up, almost embarrassed. "I would be honored to have White Hawk as my son!"

As the younger man nodded dumbly, overcome, Black Elk took off his great war bonnet. He placed it gently on the other's head. "The Blackfoot nation has a new chief — Chief White Hawk!"

Then, while the other warriors rent the night air with war whoops, he added softly to the man at his side, "And Black Elk has a new son!"

And from that day forward there was peace — lasting peace — between the Blackfoot and Cheyenne.

THE CHIEF WHO WALKED THROUGH FLAMES

ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF DRY RIVER...

JUDGE D.E. REYNOLDS

YOU CAN COUNT ON MY HELP CHIEF! OUR LAWS ARE FOR ALL MEN...NOT JUST FOR WHITE MEN!

OUR TRIBE WILL BE GRATEFUL, JUDGE! WHEN WHITE MEN SUE US, WE..

HEY!

THEY TOLD ME AT THE SALOON I COULD FIND YOU HERE, JUDGE! YOU A LAWYER, TOO?

YES, OF COURSE! WHY?

I KNOW IT'S LATE, JUDGE! BUT I NEED SOME GOOD LEGAL ADVICE... IN A HURRY!

I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP, STRANGER!

WELL, CHIEF...I'LL BE OUT AT THE RESERVATION FRIDAY! SEE YOU THEN!

TILL WE MEET AGAIN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

CHIEF!

WE MUST TALK MORE. JUDGE! NOW!

MUCH IMPORTANT!

WELL I .AH

TOO BAD YOU CAME BACK INDIAN...BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE NOW!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, CHIEF!

SHUT UP! AND YOU...GIT THOSE HANDS UP HIGHER!

I'LL TAKE THIS LITTLE SCALPER!

I'M SORRY, CHIEF!

THIS MAN IS KILLER JARVIS, AN ESCAPED CONVICT! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM AT FIRST, WITH THAT BEARD!

STOW IT! TIME'S WASTIN'!

I BEEN WAITIN' **FOUR YEARS** TO BREAK OUT AND GIT YOU, JUDGE, FOR SENDIN' ME UP... AND I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!

I **WAS** GOIN' TO GIVE IT TO YOU IN THE BACK... LIKE I'VE ALWAYS DONE MY JOBS!

BUT NOW THAT YOUR REDSKINNED FRIEND HERE HAS DEALT HIMSELF IN ...

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO...

OW-W-W!

WHY, YOU MANGY, NO-GOOD...

THAT'S THE STUFF, CHIEF! **QUICK**... GET HIS GUN!

CHIEF! LOOK OUT...!

THERE! THAT'S THE END OF YOU, REDSKIN!

NO, YOU DON'T, JARVIS...!

WHACK

THIS IS FOR...

NOT SO FAST, JUDGE...!

YOU'RE RIDIN' FOR A FALL, TOO!

AHHHHH!

SHOOTIN' YOU TWO'D BE A PLEASURE... BUT GUNFIRE MIGHT BRING PEOPLE RUNNIN'!

NOW, IF I COULD GIT RID OF YOU IN AN "ACCIDENT"... WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWIN' I EVER STOPPED BY...!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

MMFF...WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S... FIRE!

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, JUDGE!

BUT JARVIS HAS SET THE HOUSE ON FIRE! WE'LL BURN LIKE...

AH!

CHIEF! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

YOU'VE GONE MAD! YOUR FEET WILL BURN TO A CRISP!

FLAMES BURN LEG ROPES!

NOW...EASY TO STOMP FIRE OUT WITH BARE FEET!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE! YOU FREE NOW!

NOW I'LL UNTIE **YOU**! THEN WE'LL CALL THE DOCTOR AND THE SHERIFF AND...

JARVIS NOT GET AWAY! ME RECOGNIZE HIM AS MAN WHO USED TO SELL GUNS TO INDIANS... **BAD** MAN!

THAT WHY I CHASE HIS HORSE AWAY OUT FRONT AND COME BACK TO HOUSE...TO HELP!

WHAT? BUT HE'LL ESCAPE...? ON **YOUR** HORSE!

"MY HORSE WILD, JUDGE...HIM ONE-MAN HORSE! NO! JARVIS NOT GET AWAY!"

HMM! WELL, I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOUR FEET AREN'T BURNED TO THE BONE, CHIEF!

ME TRAINED FROM BOYHOOD FOR **FIRE DANCE!** FEET, TOUGH AS STONES! YOU SEE, JUDGE...

WHITE MEN CALL ME JOHNNY WALKER... BUT REAL INDIAN NAME IS **CHIEF WALKS-ON-FIRE!**

Indians and Their Homes

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The Sioux tepee, both roomy and comfortable, is usually decorated with many colorful symbols such as the thunderbird illustrated above which depicts everlasting happiness. The rain flap, shown in the circle, is used during foul weather.

Birch bark wigwams were used by the Indians of the North Central states long before Columbus came. Built on a heavy sapling framework, they are larger and more comfortable than the tepee. The wigwam is not transportable, but is a permanent home.

The Kwakiutl Indians of the far north build these strong dwellings. The inner framework of these buildings is strong enough to stand for many generations. The unusual Kwakiutl house painting shown above represents a thunderbird carrying off a whale.

In the northwest, the Haida Indians make their homes of native wood, often hewn by hand. Most of their dwellings are built behind ornately carved poles. These "house poles" are actually story books which tell of family legends of past generations.

Little BEAVER

by FRED HARMAN

PO-KO! WHY YOU GOT-UM SAD FACE LIKE-UM WET PUPPY?

LAST NIGHT BIG BEAR KILL-UM PET GOAT!

BIG FOOT CHARLIE AFRAID TO CATCH BEAR! ARE **YOU**, LITTLE BEAVER?

ME CATCH-UM BEAR! BRING-UM BIG FOOT CHARLIE PLENTY SHAME ON HEAD!

BEAR TRAP MAKE LITTLE BEAVER BIG HERO!

KLUNK!

UH-H! ME MAD! MAKE-UM FOOL OF SELF OVER SQUAW-GIRL WITH TEAR-EYE!

ME GUS-DUSTED! NEVER SPEAK TO PO-KO AGAIN!

GR-R-OOF

OH, PO-KO!